THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

[The "Lancaster Repository" contains several ingenious articles. Among its curiosities we find the following.]

——*Tobacco.**—
DOCTOR JOHNSON.

WHATEVER has a tendency in the smallest degree to promote the satisfaction and happiness of man, should excite his esteem and deserve his most earnest attention. However just this may be, our experience too frequently evinces a contrary disposition. Even religion, which is almost universally acknowledged to be the true basis of all present as well as future happiness, and which we cannot contemplate without the utmost love, respect and reverence, has been vilely and without examination, traduced by the persevering efforts of speculative and theoretical philosophers. When this copious source of felicity has not escaped unjust animadversion and illiberal detraction, it is not surprising if those that are of a secondary nature should undergo the same fate.

Among the many and useful things thus honoured with scurrility and abuse, none stands so preeminently conspicuous as the practice of using that salutary, precious and agreeable plant, commonly known by the appellation of Tobacco. Innumerable are the calumnies propagated to the prejudice of this inestimable weed. Philosophers, forsaking the arduous and dignified studies of the sciences, have contributed the powerful sanction of their names to stigmatize it. Physicians have sought its total extirpation. Orators have declaimed against it. Neither have the fair sex, justly celebrated as the friends of humanity, been parsimonious of their tea-table censure. In fine, every class of citizens, from the aged and infirm to the young and alert, from the proud lord to the abject slave, have all defamed it. To combat this formidable host, and support what so many condemn and so few commend, may be deemed presumptuous; but truth is omnipotent, and errour, though sanctioned by the authority of great names, shrinks appalled at its powerful approach.

It is, alas! but too well known, that this plant was not at all, or at least very little cultivated among the ancients. Although history has not recorded it, yet for my part were I owner of the solar system, I would bet half a dozen planets against a potato, that Homer well knew the use of tobacco. Or how, in the name of all that is marvellous, can we ever account for the production of so noble

* Every essay must have a motto.

and heavenly a poem as the Iliad? How can we account for the mock sublimity, the bombast, and turgidity of Lucan, but by supposing that he wanted a çigarr to invigorate his fancy, refine his taste, and enlighten his judgment? To what but the want of tobacco, can we ascribe the false taste that so infected the later Roman poets and orators? Indeed I very shrewdly suspect, that the downfal of Rome itself is attributable to the same lamentable cause.

The aborigines of America are the first who are certainly known to have cultivated it. The celebrated Mango Copac was indubitably a chewer and smoker of tobacco, or Peru would never have risen to such a degree of splendid magnificence. Introduced into Europe by some bold and enterprising mariners, it has since that period obtained an almost universal prevalence.

It is hardly necessary to remark, that in the southern states and in other places it affords subsistence to thousands who are engaged in its culture and manufacture; and that no inconsiderable revenue thereby accrues to our government.

The utility and necessity of cultivating tobacco being so apparent, let us proceed to the examination of its intrinsick qualities when prepared for use, which are threefold; and by which we are enabled either to snuff, chew, or smoke it.

First then, of snuff.—The pleasing sensations occasioned by these pulverized particles when applied to the irritable muscles of the nose, are only known to practitioners. It thrills through and affects the whole system with indescribable pleasure. Hence it is that we perceive every amateur of pleasure, elegance, and taste, provide himself with a capacious receptacle for these delicious atoms. There is also another consideration deserving to be mentioned. The beau never displays his gallantry in company to greater advantage than by the exhibition and presentation of his box. In doing this, how peculiarly elegant is his dexterity and alertness? And what graces does it not also give to the ladies! What but an adamantine heart can behold unmoved the fascinating and resistless charms of a lady introducing the summits of her digits into the receptacle of these pungent grains of titillating dust! Who that is not steeled will not bow with reverential deference before the shrine of omnipotent beauty, when exhibited in this alluring attitude! Would it not moreover pierce the stubborn heart of a Zeno, to hear a beautiful lady sneeze, "and making the high dome reecho to her nose!" And how useful is it to supply chasms in conversation, which are so perplexing to the finical and light-headed coxcomb! The happy introduction of a box will furnish a thousand incidents, when other topicks are exhausted and conversation begins to flag. With what learning and eloquence can a person expatiate upon the beauty and elegance of the box, or upon the merits and demerits of using its contents! Thus would the visits of his drowsy majesty be excluded from every company by the prevention of taciturnity. In oratory too, snuff has a peculiar excellence, which is generally insufficiently appreciated. How apropos is it for an orator when embarrassed and his ideas dissipated, to gain time for recollection by taking a pinch?

Secondly, as to chewing.—This, if inferiour to snuffing, in point of pleasure, is far superiour with respect to utility. As they differ in their application, so do they in their operation. This acts upon the mind, that upon the organs of sense. Nothing so effectually fixes and grapples the attention in perusing, or collects ideas in writing compositions. It concentrates in itself the respective qualities of industry, patience, and perseverance. The mind, wearied with intense application, becomes languid and relaxed; but a quid seasonably applied, will, by its vivifying influence, soon restore it to its original energy. It possesses a certain stimulating power which never fails exciting to action. How happy then would it be for the

literary world, were all dull scribblers to indulge themselves in the copious use of this delectable weed! Fire and energy would abound in all their writings, and in future none would incur that odious imputation of being

"Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep."

Administered in this way, tobacco may also be considered as a medicine. Who is there that has not experienced the excruciating pain and piercing torment of the tooth-ach? How many are the restless days and sleepless nights passed in the agonies of this fell tormenter? In vain is recourse had to the disciples of Hippocrates. In vain are the arcana of physick ransacked for an antidote of this "hell of all diseases." But tobacco, trivial as it may appear, reduces the obstinate inveteracy of this hideous and gigantick monster, and restores to the unhappy victim his ease and repose.

Thirdly, the last, though not the least in excellence, is smoking. The fumes of a çigarr spread a calm over and check the turbulence of the passions. The mind perplexed with care, and the body fatigued with labour, flies to a çigarr as the composer of the one, and the restorer of the other. Is a man immersed in difficulties? here does he find a happy extricater. Is he in distress? here he finds a gentle comforter. Is he in solitude? here does he procure a pleasant companion. View the peasant after the labour of the day, seated in his cot, surrounded by his consort and the playful fruits of their love, "inhaling the fumes of the Indian weed." Gloomy care is dispelled his brow, and cheerful content beams from his placid countenance. View the profound and philosophick Hobbes immersed in smoke, and surrounded with tobacco-pipes, instructing and enlightening mankind. View also the immortal Newton, brightening his fancy with the resuscitating fumes of this humble plant, while discovering those laws which connect and bind the universe. View these scenes ye proud enemies of tobacco, and say if you can, that smoking has not the most felicitating and useful effect both upon the body and the mind.

Can it be possible, that to this polite, fashionable, and philosophical practice, it has been objected that it is offensive to ladies!—Some attention, it must be confessed, ought to be paid to the fastidious squeamishness of false delicacy. This, however, is only a frivolous freak of fashionable folly. Have we not seen the French and Irish ladies puff a çigarr with all the *sang froid* of the veriest smoking Dutchman? We cannot but lament for their sake, that the capricious fashion of our modern belles has expelled the determined smoker from their society. Unconscious of the advantage of this practice, they unwisely deprive themselves of that which would add a *cestus* to their charms. "As distance lends enchantment to the view," and as smoke has an effect similar to distance, must not the person of a lady, when seen through the medium of the odoriferous fumes of tobacco, appear more smooth and regular. Must it not harmonize their features and polish their appearance, without sullying the alabaster of their bosoms? Why then, ye giddy fair ones, do ye not retract a decree so injurious to yourselves, and again admit the long-avoided smoker? Slight causes frequently produce great events, and who knows but by this means agreeable husbands may be acquired, of whom you would otherwise be deprived?

Hail, source of inestimable delight! May thy excellencies be duly appreciated by thy fair censurers! May thy virtues be transmitted to the latest posterity!—May thy ——— but enough.

ZIMMERMAN.

FROM THE EMERALD.

The following poetick effusion from Grant's poem on the restoration of learning in the East, is not to be surpassed by the most fortunate passages in English poetry. The whole

performance is not merely eminent as a prize-poem: it affords a fair promise that its authour will soon be advanced among the peers of the literary realm, and transmit his dignities to the latest generation; that he will soon shine "last but not least" among the English classicks. Addison observes, that he who is not pleased with the perusal of Livy, has no taste for history. To test poets we propose another experiment. The man that can read the 14th line of the following extract—

"On thy cold stone looks down the eastern star,"

and not feel its poetick effect, has no taste for poetry.

"Nor these alone; but lo! as Wellesley leads.
Rise other names, and a new race succeeds.
Rous'd by his call, the youthful bands aspire
To Jones's learning or to Jones's fire;
In clust'ring ranks the meed of song they claim,
And toil and brighten up the steep of fame.
Thou too, had heaven but listened to our prayer,
Thou too, Mackenzie, shouldst have brightened there.
Oh, hopes dissolv'd, oh, prospects all decay'd!
Oh, dawn of glory opening but to fade!
Pleas'd we beheld thy early laurels bloom,
Nor knew they wove a trophy for thy tomb.
By Hoogley's banks from kindred dust how far!
On thy cold stone looks down the eastern star.
But still affection views thy ashes near,
The mould is precious and that stone is dear:
Her nightly thought surmounts the roaring wave,
And weeps and watches round thy distant grave.
Yet say, why on that dark eventful day,
That call'd thee from the shores of Thames away,
When friendship's warmth, 'mid parting sorrows burn'd,
Hand press'd in hand, and tear for tear return'd;
Though Hope was there all credulous and young,
Why on thy brow a cheerless shadow hung?
E'en at that hour did dark forebodings shed
O'er shivering Nature some unconscious dread?
And felt thy heart new wounds of sadness flow,
Prophetick sadness and a weight of woe?
"How dark though fleeting are the days of man!
What countless sorrows crowd his narrow span!
For what is life? a groan, a breath, a sigh,
A bitter tear, a drop of misery,
A lamp just dying in sepulchral gloom,
A voice of anguish from the lonely tomb.
Or wept or weeping all the change we know;
'Tis all our mournful history below—
Pleasure is grief but smiling to destroy,
And what is sorrow but the ghost of joy?—
Oh, haste that hour whose rustling wings shall play
To warn the shades of Guilt and Grief away."

In the third number of The Port Folio we inserted a very humorous parody of the following ballad of Burger. We understand from the criticks in the German language that the original is eminently beautiful. Its merit was once so highly appreciated in England that a host of translators started at once in the race for publick favour. The ensuing version which is, we believe, by Walter Scott, Esqr. well deserves a place in this Journal.

Earl Walter winds his bugle horn,
To horse, to horse, halloo, halloo!
His fiery courser snuffs the morn,
And thronging serfs their lord pursue.

The eager pack from couples freed
Dash through the bush, the brier, the brake,
While answering hound, and horn, and steed
The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallow'd day
Had painted yonder spire with gold,
And calling sinful man to pray
Loud, long, and deep the bell had toll'd.

But still earl Walter onward rides,
Halloo, halloo and hark again,
When, spurring from opposing sides
Two stranger horsemen join the train.

Who was each stranger, left and right,
Well may I guess but dare not tell;
The right-hand steed was silver white,
The left the swarthy hue of hell.

The right-hand horseman, young and fair,
His smile was like the morn of May;
The left, from eye of tawny glare,
Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He wav'd his huntsman's cap on high,
Cried "Welcome, welcome, noble lord!
What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,
To match the princely chase, afford."

"Cease thy loud bugle's clanging knell,"
Cried the fair youth, with silver voice;
"And for Devotion's choral swell
Exchange the rude, discordant noise.

"Today the ill-omen'd chase forbear;
Yon bell yet summons to the fane;
Today the warning spirit hear,
Tomorrow thou may'st mourn in vain."

"Away, and sweep the glades along!"
The sable hunter hoarse replies;
"To muttering monks leave matin song,
And bells, and book, and mysteries."

Earl Walter spurr'd his ardent steed,
And launching forward with a bound,
"Who for thy drowsy priest-like rede
Would leave the jovial horn and hound?

"No! pious fool, I scorn thy lore;
Let him who ne'er the chase durst prove
Go join with thee the droning choir,
And leave me to the sport I love."

Fast, fast earl Walter onward rides,
O'er moss and moor, o'er holt and hill,
And onward fast, on either side,
The stranger horsemen follow'd still.

Up springs, from yonder tangled thorn,
A stag more white than mountain snow;
And louder rung earl Walter's horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holla ho!

A heedless wretch has cross'd the way,—
He gasps the thundering hoofs below;
But live who can, or die who may,
Still forward, forward! on they go.

See where yon simple fences meet,
A field with Autumn's blessings crown'd:
See prostrate at earl Walter's feet
A husbandman with toil embrown'd.

"O mercy, mercy! noble lord;
Spare the hard pittance of the poor,
Earn'd by the sweat these brows have pour'd
In scorching July's sultry hour."

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey:
The impetuous earl no warning heeds,
But furious holds the onward way.

"Away, thou hound, so basely born,
Or dread the scourge's echoing blow!"
Then loudly rung his bugle horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"

So said, so done—a single bound
Clears the poor labourer's humble pale:
Wild follows man, and horse, and hound,
Like dark December's stormy gale.

And man and horse, and hound and horn,
Destructive sweep the field along,
While joying o'er the wasted corn
Fell Famine marks the maddening throng.

Again up-rous'd, the tim'rous prey
Scours moss and moor, and holt and hill;
Hard run, he feels his strength decay,
And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appear'd;
He seeks the shelter of the crowd;
Amid the flock's domestick herd
His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill,
His track the steady blood-hounds trace:
O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill
Th' unwearied earl pursues the chase.

The anxious herdsman lowly falls;
"O spare! thou noble baron, spare
These herds, a widow's little all,
These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care!"

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey;
Nor prayer nor pity Walter heeds,
But furious keeps the onward way.

"Unmanner'd dog! to stop my sport
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,
Though human spirits of thy sort
Were tenants of these carrion kine!"

Again he winds his bugle horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"
And through the herd in ruthless scorn,
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall;
Down sinks the mangled herdsman near;
The murd'rous cries the stag appal,
Again he starts new-nerv'd by fear.

With blood besmear'd, and white with foam,
While big the tears of anguish pour,
He seeks, amid the forest's gloom,
The humble hermit's hut obscure.

But man and horse, and horn and hound,
Fast rattling on his traces go;
The sacred chapel rung around
With hark away, and holla, ho!

All mild, amid the rout profane,
The holy hermit pour'd his pray'r,
"Forbear with blood God's house to stain,
Revere his altar, and forbear!

"The meanest brute has rights to plead,
Which, wrong'd by cruelty or pride,
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head;—
Be warn'd at length, and turn aside."

Still the fair horseman anxious pleads,
The black wild whooping points the prey;
Alas! the earl no warning heeds,
But frantick keeps the forward way,

"Holy or not, or wright or wrong,
Thy altar and its rights I spurn;
Not sainted martyr's sacred song,
Not God himself shall make me turn."

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"
But off on whirlwind's pinions borne,
The stag, the hut, the hermit go.

And horse and man, and hound and horn,
And clamour of the chase was gone:
For hoofs and howls, and bugle sound,
A deadly silence reign'd alone.

Wild gaz'd th' affrighted earl around;—
He strove in vain to wake his horn,
In vain to call; for not a sound
Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds;
No distant baying reach'd his ears;
His courser rooted to the ground,
The quick'ning spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker round it spreads,
Dark as the darkness of the grave;
And not a sound the still invades
Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head
At length the awful silence broke;
And from a cloud of swarthy red,
The awful voice of thunder spoke.

"Oppressor of Creation fair!
Apostate spirit's harden'd tool!
Scorner of God! scourge of the poor!
The measure of thy cup is full.

"Go, hunt forever through the wood;
Forever roam th' affrighted wild;
And let thy fate instruct the proud
God's meanest creature is his child."

'Twas hush'd: one flash of sombre glare
With yellow ting'd the forests brown;
Up rose earl Walter's bristling hair,
And horrour chill'd each nerve and bone.

Cold pour'd the sweat in freezing rill;
A rising wind began to sing;
And louder, louder, louder still,
Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

The earth is rock'd, it quakes, it rends;
From yawning rifts, with many a yell,
Mix'd with sulphureous flames, ascend
The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly huntsman next arose,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell:
His eye like midnight lightning glows,
His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

Earl Walter flies o'er bush and thorn,
With many a shriek of helpless woe,
Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,
And hark away, and holla, ho!

With wild Despair's averted eye,
Close, close behind, he marks the throng;
With bloody fangs and eager cry,
In frantick fear he scours along.

Still shall the dreadful chase endure
Till time itself shall have an end;
By day earth's tortured womb they scour,
At midnight's witching hour ascend.

This is the horn, and hound, and horse,
That oft the lated peasant hears:
Appalled he signs the frequent cross,
When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear
For human pride, for human woe,
When at his midnight mass he hears
Th' infernal cry of holla, ho!

[In Cumberland's life we find slight sketches of Johnson and Goldsmith so highly finished that we see them perhaps more advantageously than in the full length by Boswell.]

There is something in Goldsmith's prose that to my ear is uncommonly sweet and harmonious; it is clear, simple, easy to be understood; we never want to read his period twice over except for the pleasure it bestows. Obscurity never calls us back to a repetition of it. That he was a poet there is no doubt, but the paucity of his verses does not allow us to rank him in that high station where his genius might have carried him. There must be bulk, variety, and grandeur of design to constitute a first rate poet. The Deserted Village, Traveller, and Hermit, are all specimens, beautiful as such, but they are only birds' eggs on a string, and eggs of small birds too. One great magnificent *whole* must be accomplished before we can pronounce upon the *maker* to be the ὁ ποιήτης. Pope himself never earned this title by a work of any magnitude but his Homer, and that being a translation, only constitutes him an accomplished versifier. Distress drove Goldsmith upon undertakings neither congenial with his studies, nor worthy of his talents. I remember him when in his chamber in the temple he showed me the beginning of his *Animated Nature*; it was with a sigh such as Genius draws when hard necessity drives it from its bent to drudge for bread, and talk of birds, and beasts, and creeping things, which Pidcock's showman would have done as well. Poor fellow! he hardly knew an ass from a mule, nor a turkey from a goose but when he saw it upon the table. But publishers hate poetry, and Paternoster Row is not Parnassus. Even the

mighty Dr. Hill, who was not a very delicate feeder, could not make a dinner out of the press till by a happy transformation into Hannah Glasse he turned himself into a cook, and sold receipts for made-dishes to all the savoury readers in the kingdom. Then indeed the press acknowledged him second in fame only to John Bunyan; his feasts kept pace in sale with Nelson's fasts, and when his own name was written out of credit, he wrote himself into immortality under an *alias*. Now though necessity, or I should rather say the desire of finding money for a masquerade drove Oliver Goldsmith upon abridging histories and turning Buffon into English, yet I much doubt if without that spur he would ever have put his Pegasus into action; no, if he had been rich, the world would have been poorer than it is, by the loss of all the treasures of his genius and the contributions of his pen.

Who will say that Johnson himself would have been such a champion in literature, such a front-rank soldier in the fields of fame, if he had not been pressed into the service, and driven on to glory with the bayonet of sharp necessity pointed at his back? If Fortune had turned him into a field of clover, he would have lain down and rolled in it. The mere manual labour of writing would not have allowed his lassitude and love of ease to have taken the pen out of the inkhorn, unless the cravings of hunger had reminded him that he must fill the sheet before he saw the table cloth. He might indeed have knocked down Osborn for a blockhead, but he would not have knocked him down with a folio of his own writing. He would perhaps have been the dictator of a club, and whenever he sat down to conversation, there must have been that splash of strong, bold thought about him, that we might still have had a collectanea after his death; but of prose I guess not much, of works of labour none, of fancy perhaps something, more especially of poetry, which, under favour, I conceive was not his tower of strength. I think we should have had his Rasselas at all events, for he was likely enough to have written at Voltaire and brought the question to the test, if infidelity is any aid to wit. An orator he must have been; not improbably a parliamentarian, and if such, an oppositionist, for he preferred to talk against the tide. He would INDUBITABLY HAVE BEEN NO MEMBER OF THE WHIG CLUB, no *partisan of Wilkes*, no friend of Hume, no believer in Macpherson, he would have put up prayers for early rising, and lain abed all day, and with the most active resolutions possible, been the most indolent mortal living. He was a good man by nature, a great man by genius; and we know what he was by compulsion.

For The Port Folio.

A POEM,

In the Scottish dialect.

1.

Fair fa the Scottan wale o' lands,
Thou art nae damn'd wi' gowdan sands
But high in fame thy glory stands
For native valour,
And Truth and Freedom joining hands
Without curtailer.

2.

Though far remov'd, I'se ne'er neglect
To proffer thee a son's respect,
And wish thee blessings monie a peck
Wi' a' that 's daintie,
That dool and sorrow ne'er may speck
Thy peace and plenty.

3.

What though thy hazy clime deny
The products of a warmer sky,
Let grapes and manna please the eye
Of those that need 'em,
In thee a nobler growth we spy,
The sons of Freedom.

4.

O Liberty, intrepid maid!
Thy first delight 's a northern shade
Where Independence lifts his head,
Thy rackless daddy,
Wi' him to dwall on hill or glade
Thou 'rt always ready.

5.

Thou shun'st the clime where Nature pours
Her luscious fruits and gaudy flowers,
For Indolence, thy fae, devours
The gowden treasures,

And men wi' bitter sweets allures
To wastefu' pleasures.

6.

Bold Industry supports thy train
Wha reckons healthy labour gain,
And climbs the hill contemning pain
Of truth and honour,
Despising lazy loons and vain
Wi' virtuous scunner.

7.

Thou dwalt on Athens' rocky shore
Wi' meikle fame in days of yore,
An then to Rome went hafflins o'er,
But curst her eagle
Wha suck'd thy fav'rite children's gore
Warse than a beagle.

8.

In brave Galgacus' artless ranks
A strapin chiel wi' naked shanks
Wha play'd Agricol waefu' pranks
Thou soon found shelter,
And dang the Romans o'er Tay banks
All helter-skelter.

9.

An aye sinsyne thy presence makes
Sweet Eden o' the lan' of cakes,
For as thy brilliant lustre decks
The meanest cottage,
The ploughman blythly sings and takes
His milk and pottage.

10.

Thus musing o'er the falls o' Clyde
Ance by my lane I could na hide
The notions that the foaming tide
Rais'd in my bosom,
But cried, like ane himsel beside,
I maunna lose them.

11.

Rocks awfu' with toad-colour'd skin,
White waters roaring down the lin,
A curling nebul rising thin
Frae the dark bottom,
Made a' my flesh wi' quaking spin
Like a tee-totum.

12.

The clouds now glittering green and gold
Struck by sun-beams rich bows unfold,
The trees shine all in chrystal mould
A glorious view,
Which mair sublime taught to behold
Than sage Bossu.

13.

Tush, tush, cries Shank, wha stood unseen,
Gae hame and wash your bleary een,
Had ye but trudg'd where I hae been
Ayont Ontary,
Ye durst na roose this little scene
But been mair wary.

14.

A Scotchman 's never pleas'd to find
His country's wonders left behind,
I scarcely therefore brought my mind
To gie him credit,
Vile Prejudice was still so blin',
Although he said it.

15.

Then as a wife a quarter gane
A restless longing fill'd my brain
To view mysel this awfu' scene
An aff I started;
My friens to stop me tried in vain,
I cant be thwarted.

16.

But meikle sorrow did I dree
Frae smells and sickness on the sea,
An' faith it aft repented me
That I left Greenock;
Och thought I to be hale and free
At my ain winnock.

17.

New-York at length the vessel made,
I danc'd sans tunes I was sae glad,
An got a little by the head
But that 's no matter,
I cam na o'er in Tartan plaid
To drink wall water.

18.

Ashore I went to view the town,
An staring travell'd up and down,
But may my name be Jock the loon
If gow'd and perlins
Were laying as some thrawarts croon
As thick as sterlins.*

19.

Then to the college I proceed
To see what sciences they screed,
Alack I spy the prudent heed
Which fathers pleases,
They give their race nae time to speed
In learning's mazes.

20.

To Alma Mater those are sent
Wha in the nursery should be pent,
At which strict Kemp must aye lament
With a' his knowledge,
For youth to profit must have spent
Some years at college.

21.

Next to the courts I wing my way,
Says I the judge makes long delay,
Why dont you see him several bray
In yonder corner,
To bareness such I am the fae
And rigid scorner.

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* Alluding to the delusive expectations of emigrants.

22.

O leeze me on the ermine white,
An' scarlet robes, my great delight,
Their grandeur overpow'rs the sight,
And gars the bodies
True witness give in trembling plight,
And clears their noddies.

23.

I turn'd about in hot disgust,
And thro' the pressing crowd I pusht,
When a' the noisy folks were husht,
An' whispering roun'
Now we shall here it we'el discust
Wi' reas'ning soun'.

24.

Back then I look'd, a chiel began,
His voice an' manner gar me stan',
Bright HAMILTON they call'd the man,
An' I grew eerie
Lest Tammy Erskine he'd out span,
Or witty Harry.

25.

Alas! I'm taul this genius rare,
With whom in faith few could compare
Is silent now for ever mair,
A curse on duels,
May a' that for sic wark prepare
Soon get the cruels.

26.

To Albany I take my course,
In Mynheer's sloop, an' fair the worse,
For captain Chase rough as a horse,
A Frenchman bobbin,
Twa Irish blades, the friens o' force,
Fill up the cabin.

27.

To Lewis Inn I quickly came,
The bar-room 's fu' as it can cram,
Each has a pipe, each has a dram,
Gentle and simple,
For after breakfast myriads swarm
This morning temple.

28.

The clouds of incense drive me out,
Wi' wat'ry een and sneezing snout,
Alack I heard na the dispute
That twa rough bar-men
Had wi' a judge and gen'ral stout
'Bout peace and war man.

29.

Now to Schenectady we ride,
And find the town in dismal tide,
The college billies canna bide
Their braw new tutor,
But straps to such become the guide,
Frae Rab the sutor.

30.

Och learned Edwards now 's awa,
Of whom fu' loudly they might blaw,
Altho' some think there is a flaw
In his dark question,
A bone that disputers may gnaw
For everlastin'.

31.

Black woods and mires, a gloomy sight,
Give to my journey sma' delight,
At length to Niagara hight
Wi' mickle labour
I got, but in a sorry plight
Wi' rags and slaver.

32.

Back then I gaze upo' the States,
An' ilka ane its dixi gates,
But faith my mem'ry clearly dates
Their treatment coothy,
The folks as lang shall be my pets
As I grow drowthy.

33.

An' that 's for aye a neebour thought
Wha swoor I have perpetual drought,
But what o' that, their kindness wrought
Upo' my nature,
Tho' Prejudice against them fought
Wi' giant stature.

34.

Weel, billies, if ye want to see
Braw charming lassies chaste and free
Wi' smiling mou' an sparkling ee,
The States can show them,
And men o' judgment, wit, and glee,
For now I know them.

35.

Grete are the numbers I could roose,
Wha shaw'd me kindness in my cruise,
But to be nam'd they dinna choose,
At which I'm sorry,
Their very names would help my muse,
To be more cheery.

36.

O Sister States! lang may ye reign
Exempt frae a' politick pain;
Let sacred union be the chain
Of your sheet anchor,
And Peace wi' a' her jolly train
Your surest banker.

37.

Now to the fa's I teuk my rout,
An fairly awn there is nae doubt,
At Painter's door without dispute,
But they are greater
Than dainty Clyde, tho' he could spout
Ten times mair water.

38.

But still my fancy wild began
As on the Table Rock I stan',
To swear the fa's were not so gran'
As trav'lers painted,

Nor yet so high by monie a span,
The sight assented.

39.

Next down the Indian stair I crawl,
And skin from off my curpin haul,
Then to my guide aneath I squall,
Where are ye, Billy,
Here like a snail upon the wall,
I'm tied unwillie.

40.

Now at the bottom in amaze
Up to the fa's I woodly gaze,
Four suns stand glitt'ring in the haze,
And then the din,
Wi' rising clouds a' in a blaze,
Strike deaf an' blin'.

41.

The mighty rock appears to view
Bent like an English hunter's shoe,
Or like the moon a week frae new,
And bending forward,
So that the tides of greenish hue,
Dash fairly downward.

42.

Thrice did my Muse wi' vaprin try
To sing what fills my ear and eye,
The tow'ring height, the fleecy sky,
The deep-ton'd thunder,
She fail'd alas and 'gan to cry,
For spite and wonder.

43.

Hameward now I teuk my road
An' quickly to Ontary trode,
Roun' it I sail wi' packs a load
To see the towns,
And find ilk ane the sweet abode
Of jolly loons.

44.

Down Laury's burn in haste I get,
But faith the Rapids mak me sweat,
A trembling hardly leaves me yet
To think of Francy,
Wha in his lake me sae beset
As was na chancy.

45.

In Montreal I find mysel,
Wi' iron doors and windows snell,
The houses dark; I whisper Bell
Here thieves are plenty;
No faith, quoth he, but fires to quell,
We are thus tenty.

46.

O Montreal! thou bears the gree
For coothy hospitality,
To strangers thou 'rt sae kind and free
As gars them blether
Thy praises till the day they dee
An' brack their tether.

47.

And aften was the foaming bowl
Grac'd wi' a glorious flow of soul,
When M. and J. sat cheek by jowl,
An' R. sae pithy,
I hear them speak without control,
I was sae blythe aye.

48.

My course to stout Quebeck I steer,
The town that cost the realm sae dear,
The walls are teugh and need na fear
The threats of faes,
Weel fenc'd wi' fouth of batt'ring gear
'Gainst gloomy days.

49.

Romantick scenes are here in plenty,
An ane frae Diamond Cape right dainty,
But for my part I was mair tenty
To drap some tears
Where Wolfe on glorious fame sae bent aye
His exit cheers.

50.

O fa's o' Clyde, your fate bewail!
For Montmorency's beat you hale,
But husht, the vessel 's gaen to sail,
And I'm ashore—
America, farewell, farewell,
For evermore.

LIVY.

About the middle of the century which preceded the birth of Christ, Titus Livius, a native of Padua, appeared at Rome to give celebrity to the Augustan age.

We have very little account of his life, but the defect is supplied by the possession of a work which has no rival amongst the ancients. When in its complete state, it was composed of one hundred and forty books, and embraced the whole history of the Roman empire, from its foundation to the death of Drusus, who was adopted by Augustus.

Of this inestimable performance, only thirty-five books remain. The loss, it is to be feared, is now irretr evable. Time and bigotry have probably concurred in destroying this invaluable store of learning. The latter has been a restless, violent, and too successful enemy to learning; and many of the pages of this authour have haply been obliterated to make room for the tales of a legendary saint or the masses of a superstitious monk.

So great was the reputation of Livy, and so extensively diffused, that an inhabitant of Cadiz, a place at that time entirely out of the world, went from his country for the sole purpose of seeing so distinguished a man, and returned as soon as his curiosity had been gratified. Upon this subject, it was well observed by Saint Jerom, that it is a very extraordinary circumstance, that a stranger, entering a city such as Rome, should wish to see any thing there but Rome itself.

It is very remarkable, that, although patronised by Augustus, Livy dared to confer praise on the republican party, on Brutus, Cassius, and particularly on Pompey, insomuch that Augustus named him the Pompeian.

In the next reign, the conduct of government to authours was so changed, that Cremutius Cordus, fearful of the resentment of Tiberius, starved himself to death for having denominated Cassius the last of the Romans. Livy extols the rising state of Rome as if she had then been the mistress of the world; and perhaps in real grandeur and glory she more excelled when she fought against Pyrrhus and against Carthage, than when her widely extended empire emboldened her to assume that imperious title. At the former periods, the republick appeared in the ascendant, when fortitude, patriotism, and probity, gave the truest dignity, and the brightest lustre to its name.

Livy has been accused of being a fabulous writer; but the prodigies he speaks of are only represented as traditional, and formed part of an empire where all was presage and divination. The bulk of the people were superstitious, and government turned this superstition to the publick advantage. Irreligion alone has been found essentially hostile to social and moral order. The books of the Sybils were always holden sacred, and consulted as occasions required. Perhaps even the fine genius of Livy might be tinctured with the popular creed as to fatalism and divination. It has also been objected to this writer, that his history, in point of the speeches it contains, resembles a romance. It is sufficient to support the veracity of an history, if it gives the substance of what an eloquent man did or might be supposed to say on a certain occasion. At Rome, no one could aspire to office without being obliged sometimes to address three or four hundred senators, sometimes an assembled and tumultuous people. Legal accusations and defences were the great vehicles of eloquence. The most considerable members of the state were orators. Trifling discussions were carried before the prætors, at an inferiour tribunal; but all important causes were heard before a certain number of Roman knights, in a vast forum, filled by an attentive multitude; so that he who exposed himself to this perilous proof, required to be very sure of his talents and his firmness. Eloquence, a rare quality in monarchies, was rendered, by habit, a common one in the republicks both of Greece and Rome. In those states the art of persuasion carried with it a power, inconceivable by those, who live in countries, where it is the creature either of authority or of influence. The historian therefore has not too highly coloured the sentiments of the speaker, though perhaps he has varied or dilated the language, in which they were conveyed. If any one doubt whether the harangues given by Livy suit the character and circumstances of the speakers; among many, that would tend to solve the doubt, let him peruse the discourse which Quintius Capitolinus, one of the greatest men of his time, and, what meant the same thing when greatness and virtue were synonymous, one of the best citizens, addressed to the Roman people, when the animosity of the two orders made them forget their common interest, and be regardless of their danger. The Æqui and Volsci were at their gates, about three hundred years after the building of the city, and there was no preparation or disposition to oppose them. On this occasion, Quintius mounts the tribune, and addresses the people in a speech, wherein are assembled all the

means of persuasion, which the art of oratory possesses. The tone is noble, the style pathetick, the diction elegant and harmonious.

Quintilian speaks of the *lactea ubertas* of Livy. He is indeed a model of imitation to all, who would compose in Latin, for his narration has sweetness, purity, and eloquence. The high rank he holds amongst his contemporaries will always be sustained; he is ever intelligible, diffusive without tediousness, and argumentative without pedantry.

The cause of truth and virtue he uniformly defends: and as the life of a scholar is rarely replete with incidents, although that of Livy was extended to his sixty-seventh year, yet tradition has told us so little of him, that his works, which on every account may be recommended to the study of youth, are the best comment on his character. The historical merit of this writer is the majestick flow of narrative; in which events follow each other with rapidity, yet without hurry or confusion: to this may be added the continual beauty and energy of his style, by which his readers are transported from their closet to the theatre of action.

The taste, the judgment, the eloquence of the Augustan age are no where more happily combined than in the pages of Livy. Be his subject what it may, whether it require force or delicacy, whether an army is to be inspired to some great achievement, or a senate to be softened into compliance, he touches it with a masterhand. Each, for the time, appears his characteristick, till a sudden transition shows him equally possessed of the opposite.

Longinus says of the sublime, that it pleases every body, and pleases at all times. The Roman historian answers completely to this definition.

Nearly two thousand years can attest the general approbation, with which he had been read. Sublimer thoughts are found in no historian, yet those of Livy are always unconstrained and natural to the person who utters them.

It has been observed, that the writers of tragedy diversify their scenes by art; and after the mind has been kept long upon the stretch, by the representation of some great action, they throw in something of less importance to relax it.

Livy is said to have adopted their plan; and when he has excited all the pain and sorrow his readers can bestow, he sooths them by some engaging circumstance, that relieves the mind by diverting the attention.

Judgment is a predominant quality in him. It is equally evident in his selection of words, and in his delineation of characters. Not only are his Romans distinguished from the inhabitants of other countries by their opinions and their manners, but from themselves at the different eras and under the different forms of their government.

This quality it is, which enables him to discern what is proper to every character, and to temper the fire of Genius by discretion. This warrants his panegyrists in their warm eulogium, that "no man was ever great with so much ease, none was ever familiar with so much dignity."

LEVITY.

[The ensuing banter is unquestionably from the pen of some prejudiced Englishman. His description of the state of society, and mode of polity which existed among the *savages* of our country, we trust, whatever may be the resemblance in some slighter features, will never be mistaken for the likeness of these "*free*, *sovereign*, and *independent* states."]

"It is the first idea of *an American*, that every man is born *free* and *independent*, and that no power on earth has any right to diminish, or circumscribe his *natural liberty*. There is hardly any appearance of *subordination* either in *civil* or *domestick* government. Every one does what he pleases. Fathers and mothers live with their children like persons whom chance has brought together, and whom no common bond unites. Their manner of educating their children is suitable

to this principle. They never chastise or punish them, *even during their infancy*. As they advance in years, they continue to be entirely masters of their own actions, and seem not to be conscious of being responsible for any part of their conduct.

"The power of their *civil magistrates* is EXTREMELY limited. Among all *their tribes*, their *sachem*, or *chief*, is elective. A council of *old men* is chosen to assist him, without whose advice he determines no affair of importance.

"The *sachems* neither *possess*, nor claim any great degree of authority. They *propose* and *entreat*, rather than *command*. The obedience of the people is altogether *voluntary*. When *war* is *resolved* (but here, at least, for *the present*, the resemblance will not hold,) the *chief* arises, and offers *himself* to be the *leader*."

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

They who have made but superficial studies in the natural history of the human mind, have been taught to look on religious opinions as the only cause of enthusiastick zeal, and sectarean propagation. But there is no doctrine whatever, on which men can warm, that is not capable of the very same effect. The social nature of man impels him to propagate his principles, as much as physical impulses urge him to propagate his kind. The passions give zeal and vehemence. The understanding bestows design and system. The whole man moves under the discipline of his opinions. Religion is among the most powerful causes of enthusiasm. When any thing concerning it becomes an object of much meditation, it cannot be indifferent to the mind. They who do not love religion hate it. The rebels to God perfectly abhor the authour of their being. They hate him "with all their heart, with all their mind, with all their soul, and with all their strength." He never presents himself to their thoughts, but to menace and alarm them. They cannot strike the sun out of Heaven, but they are able to raise a smouldering smoke that obscures him from their own eyes. Not being able to revenge themselves on God, they have a delight in vicariously defacing, degrading, torturing, and tearing in pieces his image in man. Let no one judge of them by what he has conceived of them, when they were not incorporated, and had no lead. They were then only passengers in a common vehicle. They were then carried along with the general motion of religion in the community, and without being aware of it, partook of its influence. In that situation, at worst, their nature was left free to counterwork their principles. They despaired of giving any very general currency to their opinions. They considered them as a reserved privilege for the chosen few. But when the possibility of dominion lead, and propagation presented themselves, and that the ambition, which before had so often made them hypocrites, might rather gain than lose by a daring avowal of their sentiments, then the nature of this infernal spirit, which has "evil for its good," appeared in its full perfection. Nothing indeed but the possession of some power can with any certainty discover, what at the bottom is the true character of any man.—*Burke.*

THE BELIEVER AND THE ATHEIST.

B. That is as certain as that God hath made the world.

A. Psha! he did not make the world.

B. (With surprise) No! who made it then?

A. Why nobody. It never was made.

B. How came it here?

A. Why it has been here from all eternity.

B. I should never have guessed it to be so old. But still you have not informed me how it exists.

A. By chance.

B. By chance!

A. Yes, unquestionably by mere chance. You have no notion of the power of chance.

B. The power of chance!—Chance is blind.

A. Blindness does not diminish power. For, even according to your Bible, Sampson was able to pull down a house, and smother three thousand Philistines, after he was stone blind.

B. Sneering is one thing and reasoning is another.

A. Then let us reason——I speak for the power of chance. Were a thousand dice put into a box, and thrown out often enough, there can be no doubt but six thousand would be thrown at last; nay, if a hundred thousand were to be rattled and thrown without ceasing, six hundred thousand would appear in process of time at one throw. Why, therefore, may not this world, such as we find it, have been cast up by the mere rattling of atoms?

B. I should humbly conceive, that it rather was the production of an almighty intelligent Maker. I am fully convinced, that order, uniformity, and exquisite adaptness, must be the work of intelligence and wisdom as well as power.

A. Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus."

What do you think of that maxim of Horace?

B. I think it a very good one as he applied it. But I am convinced that Horace, though a heathen, would not have brought it into such an argument as the present.

A. Perhaps not, for as you say, he was an *ignorant* heathen, and believed in gods.

B. Had he lived at present he would have confined his faith to one; for independent of the christian religion, all the improvements that have been made in science since his time lead us to acknowledge a first intelligent creator and governour of the universe.

A. They lead me to no such things: I adhere to chance, and acknowledge no other God. What do you say to that?

B. I say, that was I to utter such an impious expression, I should be afraid of going to hell.

A. There again! Why there is no such place.

B. How can you be sure of that?

A. Because the thing is impossible.

B. Did you not assert a little while ago that the world was made by chance?

A. I assert so still!

B. Then how can you be sure that such a place as hell is not made by chance also.

This unexpected question seemed to disconcert the philosopher.

B. (With a very serious air) Sir, I would not have you to trust entirely to such reasoning, which is wicked as well as inconsistent: and permit me to add a piece of advice, which it greatly imports you to follow—Renounce impiety, that in case there should, by chance or otherwise, be any such place as hell prepared for blasphemers, you may not be sent to it.

—

It is in the relaxation of security, it is in the expansion of prosperity, it is in the hour of dilatation of the heart, and of its softening into festivity and pleasure, that the real character of men is discerned. If there is any good in them, it appears then or never. Even wolves and tigers, when gorged with their prey, are safe and gentle. It is at such times that noble minds give all the reigns to their good nature. They indulge their genius even to intemperance, in kindness to the afflicted, in generosity to the conquered; forbearing insults, forgiving injuries, overpaying benefits. Full of dignity themselves, they respect dignity in all, but they feel it sacred in the unhappy. But it is then, and basking in the sunshine of unmerited fortune, that low, sordid, ungenerous, and reptile souls swell with their hoarded poisons; it is then that they display their odious splendour, and shine out in the full lustre of their native villainy and baseness. It is in that season that no man

of sense or honour can be mistaken for one of them.

—

"You do not pretend to assert, that negroes are originally on a footing with white people, you will allow, I hope, that they are an inferiour race of men." Thus was speaking in company of a West India planter.

"I will allow," replied a gentleman present, "that their hair is short, and ours long, that their nose is flat and ours raised, that their skin is black and ours white; yet after all these concessions, I still have my doubts respecting our rights to make them slaves."

—

A person present at the performance of a serious opera, on an Italian stage, after having displayed great signs of satisfaction, cried out, "The composer deserves to be made chief musician to the Virgin, and to lead a choir of angels."*

—

Those who are bountiful to crimes, will be rigid to merit, and penurious to service. Their penury is even held out as a blind and cover to their prodigality. The economy of injustice is, to furnish resources for the fund of corruption. Then they pay off their protection to great crimes and great criminals, by being inexorable to the paltry frailties of little men; and these modern flagellants are sure, with a rigid fidelity, to whip their own enormities on the vicarious back of every small offender.

—

Contempt is not a thing to be despised. It may be borne with a calm and equal mind, but no man by lifting his head high can pretend that he does not perceive the scorns that are poured down upon him from above.

—

If we make ourselves too little for the sphere of our duty; if on the contrary, we do not stretch and expand our minds to the compass of their object, be well assured that every thing about us will dwindle by degrees, until at length our concerns are shrunk to the dimensions of our minds. It is not a predilection to mean, sordid, home-bred cares, that will avert the consequences of a false estimation of our interest, or prevent the shameful dilapidation into which a great empire must fall, by mean reparations upon mighty ruins.

* It is a popular opinion in Italy, that the Virgin Mary is very fond, and an excellent judge of musick.

MERRIMENT.

When Lord Thurlow was chancellor, his mace-bearer, who had attended him to the court and the House of Lords for years in awful silence, thinking one day that he saw something like a smile on his Lordship's face, ventured to simper out, "My Lord, this is a fine day." "Damn you and the day too," thundered out his Lordship.

—

Miss Mellon, walking in a garden at Plymouth, with a party of ladies and gentlemen, the proprietor informed the ladies that they might eat plentifully of fruit, for there was none forbidden in that garden.—"Excepting *Melon*," replied the sprightly young actress.—"That is *forced*," retorted a lady in company.

—

Charles Fox.—at a consultation of the minority members on a day previous to a great question, it was asked who had best open the business; Mr. Fox exclaimed, with the tyrant Richard, "Saddle *black* Surry* for the field tomorrow."

—

A clergyman having written some observations on Shakspeare's Plays, carried a specimen of his performance to Mr. Sheridan, and desired his opinion: "Sir," said Mr. Sheridan, "I wonder people won't mind their own affairs; you may spoil your own *Bible*, if you please, but pray let ours alone."

—

A young fellow, who fancied he had talents for the stage, offered himself to the manager of Covent-Garden Theatre, who desired him to give a specimen of his abilities to Mr. Lewis, the acting manager. After he had rehearsed a speech or two in a wretched manner,

* Now Duke of Norfolk.

Lewis, asked him, with a contemptuous sneer, whether he had ever done any part in comedy. The young fellow answered that he had done the part of Abel, in the Alchymist; to which Lewis instantly replied, "You mistake my dear Sir, it was the part of *Cain* you acted; for I am sure you *murdered Abel.*"

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"H" pleasingly reminds us of a fine passage in the Anti-Jacobin:

And while the spinster grieves in wild affright,
Vexed with dull megrim or vertigo light,
Pleas'd round the fair the dawdling doctors stand,
Wave the white wig and stretch the asking hand,
State the grave doubt, the nauseous draught decree,
And all receive, though none deserve a fee.

"G" and "K" may, like some of the English *Cantabs*, recount college exploits in the ensuing style,

Tell how at *Cam* we run our race,
Not like the present *babes of grace*,
In thumbing musty lore,
No books but *magazines* we read,
At barb'rous Latin shook our head,
And voted Greek *a bore!*

"H" need not be solicitous about the *binding*, the *contents* of the volume are sufficiently brilliant and sufficiently durable.

Genius, like Egypt's Monarchs, timely wise,
Constructs his own memorial ere he dies,
Leaves his best image in his works enshrin'd,
And makes a mausoleum of mankind.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

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THE RELAPSE.

And is it so? ye powers above!
Say, must I yield again?
Again, must yield to mighty Love,
And wear his servile chain!

Again, the "God of soft desires"
Inflicts the pleasing smart!
Again, he lights his wonted fires
In my distracted heart!

Tyrannick Love! why should'st thou still,
Afflict my anxious breast?
Ye passions wild,—obey my will!
Thou flutt'ring spirit——rest!

I will not yield. Avaunt ye fears!
By heaven, I will be wise!
But——Cara, heavenly fair, appears!
And——resolution dies!

The mounds of prudence swept away,
Forward the torrents roll:
And Cara, with triumphant sway,
Reigns o'er my conquer'd soul!

In vain, I fly to distant hills,
To banish grief and care;
Or listen to the noisy rills,
For Cara still is there!

I hear the streams that ever flow;
They murmur Cara's name!
I hear the gentle zephyrs blow;
They sweetly breathe the same.

Where'er I rove, the lovely maid,
In airy vision flies!
Deep in the dark sequestered shade
She dances in my eyes!

When night, in sable darkness, hides
The wide-extended glade,
The sylph-like phantom swiftly glides
In ev'ry deep'ning shade!

Were I the lord of earth and sea,
Were all creation mine,
O Cara! for one smile from thee,
I would the whole resign!

Let Cara smile——I 'll bless my fate,
Though glory it denies,
Nor envy Kings their regal state,
Nor gods their azure skies!

ANNIUS.

THE ODDS.

The bright bewitching Mary's eyes
A *thousand* hearts have won,
Whilst she, regardless of the prize,
Securely keeps her own.
Ah! what a dreadful girl are you,
Who, if you e'er design
To make me happy, must undo
999!

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